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O D E,

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

ON HIS

BIRTH-DAY



L O N D O N :

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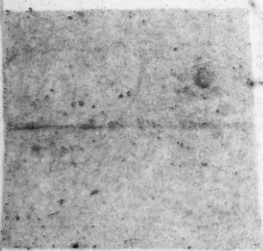
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A N
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TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
ON HIS
B I R T H - D A Y

FITLY to hail this happy Day,
Freedom demands a festal Lay,
And wakes the Silent String.

The gen'rous *Muse* untaught to fear,
Inspires what *Britain's Prince* should hear,
And *Britain's Bards* should sing.

B

II. Accurs'd

II.

^{the}
 Accurs'd Wretches ~~for~~ ever be,
 The Foes to sacred *Liberty*,
 Who impious dare presume,
 To sooth his Ear with such a Strain,
 As better fits the cringing Train,
 The Slaves of *France* or *Rome*.

III.

Far other speaks the Voice of Truth;
 Oh! may it warn Thee, *Royal Youth*!
 To fly base Flattery's Lore.
 The *Syren* sings, who hear her, dye,
 Behold yon Wreck with cautious Eye!
 Nor trust the faithless Shore!

IV. And

IV.

And when, beneath thy counsell'd Reign,
Britain shall plow the subject Main,
 Compleat Heaven's great Design!
 Refrain thy Powers with binding Laws!
 And grateful own the glorious Cause,
 That rais'd thy scepter'd Line!

V.

So shalt thou earn unequal'd Fame,
 From Blessings deathless as thy Name,
 By latest Time enjoy'd.
 While Gifts from Arbitrary Sway,
 Shine the vain Pageants of a Day,
 Neglected and destroy'd.

VI. Thy

VI.

Thy Throne shall thus unshaken stand,
 Its ample Base a prosperous Land,
 Thy Strength a Nation's might.
 And thus thy future Race shall be
 Safe in a blest'd Necessity,
 Guided and rul'd by Right.

VII.

Let Priests an hallow'd Bondage Preach!
 Let School-men earth-born Godhead teach!
 Let Loyal Mad-Men rave!
 Wise Nature feels, she mocks their Rules,
 And Laws oppress'd, from diff'rent Schools,
 Unite the Free and Brave.

VIII. So

VIII.

So form'd now shines the *Patriot Band*,
 The Guardians of a threaten'd Land,
 Of *Britain*, and her *Crown*.
 May such adorn each future Age,
 Equal to stem wild Faction's rage,
 Or pull a Tyrant down!

IX.

Genius of *Freedom*, and of *Peace*!
 Bid Rapine and Contention cease!
 Protect what you bestow'd!
 Well may a burden'd Realm complain,
 If rescu'd from the galling Chain,
 She sinks beneath her Load.

F I N I S.

III.

So form'd now shines the Patrie Band,
 The Guardians of a threaten'd Land,
 Of Britain, and her Crown.
 May such adorn each future Age,
 Equal to them wild Tiber's rage,
 Or pull a Tyrant down!



Genius of Freedom, and of Peace,
 Ill Rapine and Contention cease!
 Protect what you bestow'd!
 Well may a burden'd Realm complain,
 If rescued from the galling Chain,
 You still this burden bear her load.

